Algeria – Protests, Changing Us and Faithful (A Novel Based on the Film)



By Shomit Sirohi

Introduction

By Slavoj Zizek

Sirohi’s novels are like a line where in fact many things happen, then line becomes a car accident and all lines connect to it and become even political lines, or poetic lines.

Perhaps we are graceful in love, it means that combining the works of Sirohi – from The Delicate Sound of 1971 to Indiscernible and Ordinal, even Fragment of Praise and Insurrection in Paris, 1892, which then becomes a Marxist work of surrealism A Fine Balance, all these works are then in Catastrophe by a logic of Beckett –

but turned to Sirohi – the long journeys with Progressive developments even in A Quiet Place based on the French film – all of this is love and grace – the meaning of being in love and meeting in Algiers at a protest – as if there was a line, of black people joining white people and an Arab Prophet joining the whole line to a car accident which then is

Munich, and this then is the Kabbalism of the work – only a lover knows how to solve your case – only a lover knows you, and only faith is strong as a Leftist message.

I. First in Paris

I was first in Paris, and then I caught a metro and got off at the Ecole. I met a French

professor and talked to him about films, and scripts, even a philosophy work – I told him life recently has not been fine. Alenette argued that the Napoleon figure then has a acting career to look forward to, he is just that absolute and lives in a style – he is just a stylish man who then is in a car. I thanked him. And got into a bus.

II. In Algiers

In fact in the middle of a protest which set off in Algiers. I was then working among the proletariat in South Algiers and even smoked a cigarette and talked to the people somewhere in a house. Black people who were friends, I am in fact Ilaan. I then worked out

the documents for a house rent and lived there for a few days.

In the night, I was at the port and received four black families and four Arab families, with young Zamar and Nezar. The darkness is actually water. We were in the night carrying the briefcases and boxes in a small staircase, and the bulb was on, and it was raining. As we

drank rum and talked about the journey and travels, acing along what we can see is the deck of an aging old platform and ship trawler of some agrarian products.

All of them were talking and drinking coffee. And in fact we were talking in Arabic and reading out the joke Chefare made on the process of protests in FLN and city

planning being related to in fact Europe. When we are so poor that in fact the better idea would be India. Ilaan was talking downstairs on the process of in fact reading out the Quran more and more.

III. At Central Algiers Smoking and Talking with a Political Leader

Two bullet wounds in the back. Probing them, judging them. Now -- with a flashlight in his teeth -- bullet fragments falling into a washed-out olive jar painting the walls. Now -- something catching another fragment -- exacto knife cutting in – and imagine then the surreal nature of that fact that you're awake. Can you hear me?

(we're blinking--) You've been shot. I'm trying to help you. (we're trying to find our voice--) You were in a room in Paris. You've been shot. It's okay now. Where am I?

And then of course Ilaan walked into the car and got talking with black women in a journey to the housing quarters and the afternoon was spent in the house where they had a fine

dish and were talking about the Quran again. At page middle it says in fact – women it means can we get that? Nezarish said in fact it was all about the women for Ilaan, it was just to free them. These days it is alienated, they are all happy and we have moved on. I have been in Paris for four years, three years in Delhi, and no-one to meet. Just passing by

the offices and picking up the cheque and money and sending my work by posting it. I was also on a computer listening to celebrations. I was in fact typing to them my congratulations. When I was alone at one point Zionists told me to remember we won because of the protests in India.

While turning back to the car deck and back deck, checking the luggage and cheque again for travel to France I was then with material again. You have a bank in Zurich. (waiting) You remember Zurich? Woflganian Shiermar staring at him now. Different suddenly. Suspicious. Look, I'm just on this boat, okay? I'm an engineer. Then of cars and even old

models of cars. We finally met because I had to see you. It was just about seven and eight years we were following your stories and newspaper and also all the philosophy. Alenette met first but then we called it off the whole thing. Whatever this is, it's not for me to be involved, okay? Ilaan meets Belano I don't remember Zurich. Let’s drink, pulls his pint.

Takes a hit. GIANCARLO (offering the bottle--) You drink rum? Staring at himself. And then he speaks on the phone to the number of women waiting on Zurich and he gets told. On the phone (in perfect French) (I don't know who I am. Do you know who I am? Do have any idea who I am?) And then he stops. Blinks. Wipes away the

perspiration just beading on his forehead. As it becomes in fact raining perfectly again. Ilaan then with Mesrav (in perfect Arabic) (Tell me who I am. If you know who I am, please stop fucking around and tell me.)

“Le ittifaq est un formalisme de un encountre. I was then in fact talking in a formalist language, of

how it is about such things, as telling and talking in Algiers, just being together, as Giorgianni added being in common.”

IV. In Paris again

Allenette is giving an envelope of money. t's not much, but it should get you to Switzerland. I won't forget this. In fact the meditation on

Spinoza says tomorrow you will be vertical and facing the afternoon and evening, day after as in fact a complex happyness, a type of happiness called finally a joke which is Jewish – you will know Judaism and be spiritual. “He then found out he was Jewish, Merena laughed because it was a precise joke.”

Alain walked into them in the car parking downstairs and gives him a look. People all around him -- families -- businessmen -- normal people going about their lives. He turns back to the window, but he's not watching the scenery -- he's looking at his reflection. So lost. His face suddenly plunged into darkness as the train will move into a

journey. He's an Africanist in fact, think Idi Lemarine crossed with Mohammadan people these days. He's in some sort of room. And he's angry. What this is, is no, no, no -- the time is not right, my enemies are too strong. I'm telling you to wait for this, you understand? I'm telling you this, and I'm making a warning to all those peoples out

there that think that my powers have become so weak that they can play with me as they wish. You will see -- I will tell you when the evidence is clear. Then you will have a story. My old friends will hear about themselves. (stopping, freezing on that image, and--). Wombosi likes to send us messages through the European media. This is an

interview we pulled down from a local German television station in Dresden. We've been getting these little broadsides every couple of months. He knows this -- he knows that -- he's writing a book about the Agency's history in Africa -- he's going to name names. It's basically a shakedown... The Director wants to know

if there is any possible shred of truth in this accusation. Long pause. No hands go up.

Alain was in the midst of this discussion between Ilaan and Wombosi and Idiani. When he said in fact we are free, and day after will be about freedom and the absolute – because in fact Marxism means that – like a judgement

which is infinite – it is like talking a lesser Marx – which is about Africa and slavery in a plantation and insurrecting that, which then becomes four or five days of remembering Africa, and that also means in fact Algiers and then France – which becomes in a complex move – your life. You are in a bill written there to mean – “The

process is difficult and even hard, and despairing, such a man is in charge of revolting and this becomes successful when in a joke you elaborate the whole thing.” I will elaborate it then Ilaan says ‘at first you are in Algiers, where we talk and all, then in Paris where we meet, and then in Delhi where we all meet, but round about again we

are in the midst of a crowd and it is raining and we are talking but that would be perfection, instead in fact we are sweating in summer and walking up to a staircase – and that is life.”

Alain organises with Alenette that it means that in fact Hegel and Marx are organising a praxis on a ladder – we are going from this

point to that – and it is a journey which then means I will climb the ladder – in a minor work by Jean this means in fact the ladder is concrete and then made abstract – it is just these moments – you were in fact concretising the praxis-fused. It means “what if I made this a style, the style is to organise the day in a style – it cannot be better, just

see it as a style that will be perfected – Spinoza remarked once sorrow and sorrow alone is then happiness which means that in fact the oppression on black people and us is first liberated and then we are free.” Simply it means a woman answers that you are now free, and not unfree, because as black women say freedom and

unfreedom is a topic – it means unfreedom is a oppression and that is then freedom when it is won – we just mean it is freedom when you are lecturing. You have to force the lecture.

V. In Mozambique

Ilaan and Brezin were wandering through the train erminal. Passing closing up for the

night. He checks his funds. Just enough for one cold slice of beer. He walking aimlessly and wore his plain clothes policeman look. I was trying to get comfortable on a bench. It's chilly but this will have to do until morning. Just settling in, when -- (Can't you read the signs?) In Morocco a man was on the phone and in turns a car to

pick us up. Two people coming towards him.

V. In a Room in Mozambique after a Long Train

Lemarine and Ilaan were in a single turn -- spinning – catching a smoke and were taken completely off guard -- a sweeping kick and He got the pistol -- so fucking fast -- he's got it right up against the

person he caught there, a Arab man from his days in journalism who was corrupt in fact and working here to frame people-- right on the edge of pulling the trigger -- he is, he's gonna shoot him -- no -- please God no -- please don't -- please no -- my Go--) (stopping as--) slams the gun against his ground and -- This fight is over. He was standing there. In the

silence. Two unconscious cops at his feet. Blood was then running from his nose. What just happened? How did he do this? And there's THE GUN in his hand. And God, it just feels so natural -- checking it -- stripping it down -- holding it -- aiming it -- like this is something he's done a number of times before... This is something he definitely

knows how to do. And then he stops cold. Throwing down the gun.

Part II – Working in Tel Aviv

I. Working in A Department of History and Literature

I was then in fact working in Tel Aviv for

four years. I was in fact in a hotel with an ash tray and drinks discussing what was the plan for Lemarine and even Jemal and Lejouf and we were with the French philosophers talking about militant lives and that toy gun he pointed at the bastard. They meant it was something of a catastrophe the whole thing.

II. In a Hotel in Tel Aviv

This tray: a beat-up passport in the name of Ilaan and Belano who was a poet in this criminalised a world. A French driver's license with a Parisian address. Credit cards for us. Holding these objects close -- as if by holding them he might absorb their essence.

Forcing himself to believe. This is him. His picture. There's Kleenex. Several sets of cameras and lenses. A knife. A comb. Three sticks of gum. A ring. A pair of eyeglasses. A Rolex. As in fact I was Jewish and setting these things aside. Lifting the top tray. Staring into

III. Jewish Psychology

I was smoking and talking to journalists in Paris. The gun was in fact not real, and it was needed with that criminalised a group on you. You though have to go to the court.

Ilaan “so that’s some Jewish psychology lessons. That in fact I am feeling crazy because of that, and it clears when it clears.”

All clean. Crisp. Brand new. All with his photo inside. Five different names. Three different Countries. Each one of these pristine passports clipped to a piece of card stock that says. In Paris, France There's a signature sample. And a bar code. But no passport. This one is missing. Jason was sitting there. Trying to push his confusion away. Ilaan

walks into the room, with a phone call. I live at 121, Rue de la Jardin, Paris. But there's something hollow about this. He came looking for one card and now he's faced with six. The money... The gun... Suddenly, it's all fucked up.

IV.

I bought the tennis racket and went into

gear. Looking around the room -- there -- there's a pile of red canvas burn bags in the corner. I was grabbing one -- stuffing everything into it -- everything except... The books I borrowed from the print out. He doesn't want the gun. No guns. The case said about me.

V. On the Phone with Many Women (Years spent alone again)

So what I got was no, this is not my current address. It was my current address two days ago when I started standing in line outside. In German then I was speaking, also in French. MARIE (CONT’D) -- and so now I lost my apartment, I have no

address, and I have no visa, and you keep telling me how much help you cannot give me! A CONSULATE CLERK caught in her headlights. CLERK Miss Kreutz, please... I'm gonna have to ask you to keep your voice down. MARIE All the papers -- all the papers they asked for -- I brought all the papers -- 18. CLERK Miss Kreutz, excuse me, but

you entered into a fraudulent case of 4 million dollars in an effort to circumvent the immigration laws of the United States – You were caught with drugs at a party as well. Many women were talking to Ilaan about this case on the phone. And in fact Ilaan was then talking to them in a room.

VI. Meeting Marie in a Car talking to a Old Paramount Phone in her Car

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY NEAR THE U.S. CONSULATE -- DAY 67
MARIE storming away. Pissed-off – and in a major case and --
MARIE (German) (Motherfucking sonsofbitches!) (a new problem--) A OLD CAR.

A beat-to-shit elegant old Puegeut car. A formalist car angled in beside a dumpster with a big red Zurich parking ticket on the windshield. MARIE grabbing the ticket -- tearing it up -- tearing the shit out of it -- blind with misfortune -- throwing the pieces on the ground and stomping on them and then -- MARIE (CONT’D) (looking

up--) (What are you looking standing across the car -- on the passenger side – Ilaan meets Marie and was happy with a copy of an organic French Hegel in his pocket folded and he showed it to her, other women around, I need a ride. MARIE (What?)

I need a ride out of here. Leana walked towards the car. Oh,

Jesus... (backing away and--) Please. I don't want to scare you. Four women joined in Iranian style clothing. It's a little late for that. I've got a situation here and – As a black man was dropping off a black woman, get the fuck away from my car.

Ilaan was with Belano – talking to a person to leave the car actually and rent it - I'll give

you ten thousand dollars to drive me to Paris.

After it failed in fact Ilaan leaves with four or five women who he met then as - Great. You know what? I'll give you ten dollars to get the fuck away from me before I start screaming my head off. You don't want the police any more than I do. He tosses the cash

-- a stack of hundreds -- across the car into her hands -- she catches it. Looks at it. It has a letter as Circular covering it “We meet in Algiers and by a law.” Jesus... Please Get me out of here. Please. He is looking at him. At the money. Back at him, and – in fact they got the look at Marie who was a new woman he just met. Ilaan was with a group of five or

six women and Marie was in fact the owner of the car, we needed to leave the Rue.

Part III – In Algiers

I. In Algiers at a House Again

In Ilaan's estimation a lot of people were walking poor and harassed in Paris. They

are poets I’ll tell you these white women, feminists and all in fact with PCF. I am in fact working in a Quran way to meet them again in Delhi. I was discussing the Quran and it reads as a chance meeting in aleatory ways. I am in fact choosing to live that way.

As they walked to the working class factories

and smoked and talked – Mohammadeuf and Mazhabish.

II. Barcelona conversations that were talking from Algiers – Describing their House

EXT. BARCELONA RESIDENTIAL BOULEVARD -- DAY 69
Establishing shot. A

grand house. PIANO MUSIC over this -- someone butchering a piece by Haydn and --
70 INT. BARCELONA GRAND HOUSE MUSIC ROOM -- DAY
70 Meet THE PROFESSOR. He's a piano teacher. Late fifties. Deceptively fit. He's sitting here, listening to a NINEYEAR-OLD STUDENT struggle through the music. And

then, HIS E-PHONE PAGER starts pulsing -- hum -- hum – 7

EXT. A ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ZURICH -- DAY 73 The little red car parked. MARIE pacing around and in fact waiting for the call from Ilaan – many women in Tel Aviv and speaking to him on the phone. poring over a map spread out over the

hood. 31. MARIE So what's in Paris? I was just waiting there and you met me, and all the women told me you were Arab. I was in fact in a mess with a number of money charges and we knew each other as in fact what Iliah said – she was that one who was with you in Berlin and then got off at Frankfurt. I want to go home, Marie argued

for twenty thousand dollars. In Tel Aviv a black woman who was with Ilaan throughout his stay in Algiers and Delhi, then looks back from the map. I said ten thousand dollars and we mailed it.

Part V - Finale

A set of protests going off and a policeman with a barricade being

piped pointing it at the insurrection and all this money and all these passports? So what then in Algiers we said, Lots of people have turned up for this protest. You're American. Americans love this way of living, Cornelien Wieste is then of course here somewhere and is talking in happiness. I fought my way out of an embassy. I climbed

down a fifty-foot wall -- I went out the window and I was doing it -- I just did it. I knew how to do it. The women finally arrive for Ilaan, people do amazing things when they're scared. Why do I? -- I come in here -- instinctively -- first thing I do -- I'm looking for the exit -- I'm catching the sightlines -- I know I can't sit with my back to the door - -

I. Love and Transformation

Leahati and Marina, even Ele and Parteis -- what're you doing? -- please, tell me what's happening!

NIGHT 126 HAIR DYE washing down a rusted drain. It's a Christian woman Irala alone in this hotel little bathroom. Jeans and

bra. All of it soaking wet. A new hair color. A MIRROR. There she is. Her turn to stare at herself and wonder. 67. And then she smells something. Smoke... 127 INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- DAY 127 It's a shitty little room. sitting on the bed. And the smoke is coming from... HIS PASSPORT -- the passport -- on the table. He was holding it as it burns away the

cigarette and ashtray. The idea of a vision of some man talking on the television in Tel Aviv -- tuning -- bubbling -- finally disappearing, -- You know who you are. You know what that's worth? That's everything. (pause) I can't live like this. I can't do anything until I know who I am. Believe me, you don't

want what I have. He looks away.

II. People in a Number of Houses in Algiers all talking about the New Hotel in Paris now shifted to Algiers by the Work of Protest

INT. THE Red coloured house. It was finally here that all the white women came to meet

Ilaan with all the black women and talked all day. In fact then we met again here, quite by chance.

III. Love in a Graceful Listening

Ilaan and Maria getting off the last car and -- 202 EXT. STREET/ALLEY NEAR THE

PLATFORM -- DAY 202 Two minutes later. BOURNE and Ilana -- exhausted -- beat -- Everything all at once -- Take this. She turns. He's holding the car key. Take it. But she doesn't move. MARIA And that's it? If you're lucky. (it's hanging there) Take it. (beat) There's enough in there to make a life. Any life.

Just get out now. Get low. Stay low. (beat) Take it. She takes it. Staring at him. Simply refusing to cry. MARIA What was I thinking, right? I can't protect you anymore. MARIA What about you? BELANO I'm gonna find the end of this. (beat) I can't protect you. MARIA to Ilaan takes one last look. And she's running --

hangs there a moment -- listening to her go -- and then he pulls out THE E-PHONE PAGER. And it's pulsing like crazy. BOURNE flips open the shell. There's a keypad in there. Holding it. Like a missing harmonica which is changing.